Winke each at other, hold the ſweete ieaſt vp:
This ſport well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument.
But faryewell, tis partly mine owne fault,
VVhich death or abſence ſoone ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuſe,
My loue, my life, my ſoule, faire *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not ſcorne her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compell, no more then ſhe entreate.
Thy threats haue no more ſtrength then her weake praiſe.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I ſweare by that which I will loſe for thee,
To proue him falſe, that ſaies I loue thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyſ If thou ſay ſo, with-draw and proue it to.
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope*.
Dem. No, no, hee'l ſeeme to breake looſe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.
Her. VVhy are you growne ſo rude?
VVhat change is this, ſweete Loue?
Lyſ. Thy loue? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; ô hated poiſon hence.
Her. Do you not ieaſt?
Hel. Yes ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keepe my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you; Ile not truſt your word.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. VVhat, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her ſo.
Her. VVhat? can you do me greater harme then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyſander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night you lou'd me; yet ſince night you left me.
VVhy then you left me (ô the gods forbid)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. I, by my life;
And neuer did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, of doubt;
Be certaine; nothing truer; tis no ieaſt,
That I do hate thee, and loue *Helena*.
Her. O me, you iuggler, you canker bloſſome,
You theefe of loue; what, haue you come by night,
And ſtolne my loues heart from him?
Hel. Fine ifaith.
Haue you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſſe? VVhat, will you teare
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfet, you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet? why ſo? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that ſhe hath made compare
Betweene our ſtatures, ſhe hath vrg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall parſonage,
Her height (forſooth) ſhe hath preuaild with him.
And are you growne ſo high in his eſteeme,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curſt:
I haue no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſſe:

I.